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BMAS!! printed in Great Britain by Southernprint Limited, Dorchester, Poole, Dorset, and published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Sole agents for Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch (A/sia) Ltd., South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd. Subscription Rates: Inland, 12 months 42/-; abroad (including Canada), 12 months 26/-. Dollar Rate for U.S.A. $6, Canada $6.5. Please send your orders to Subscriptions Dept., 80 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
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greetings from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

ON this most joyous festive season, what are the **right** things for us up here in the garret to say to you, the greatest gathering of loyal friends any editorial team ever had ? !

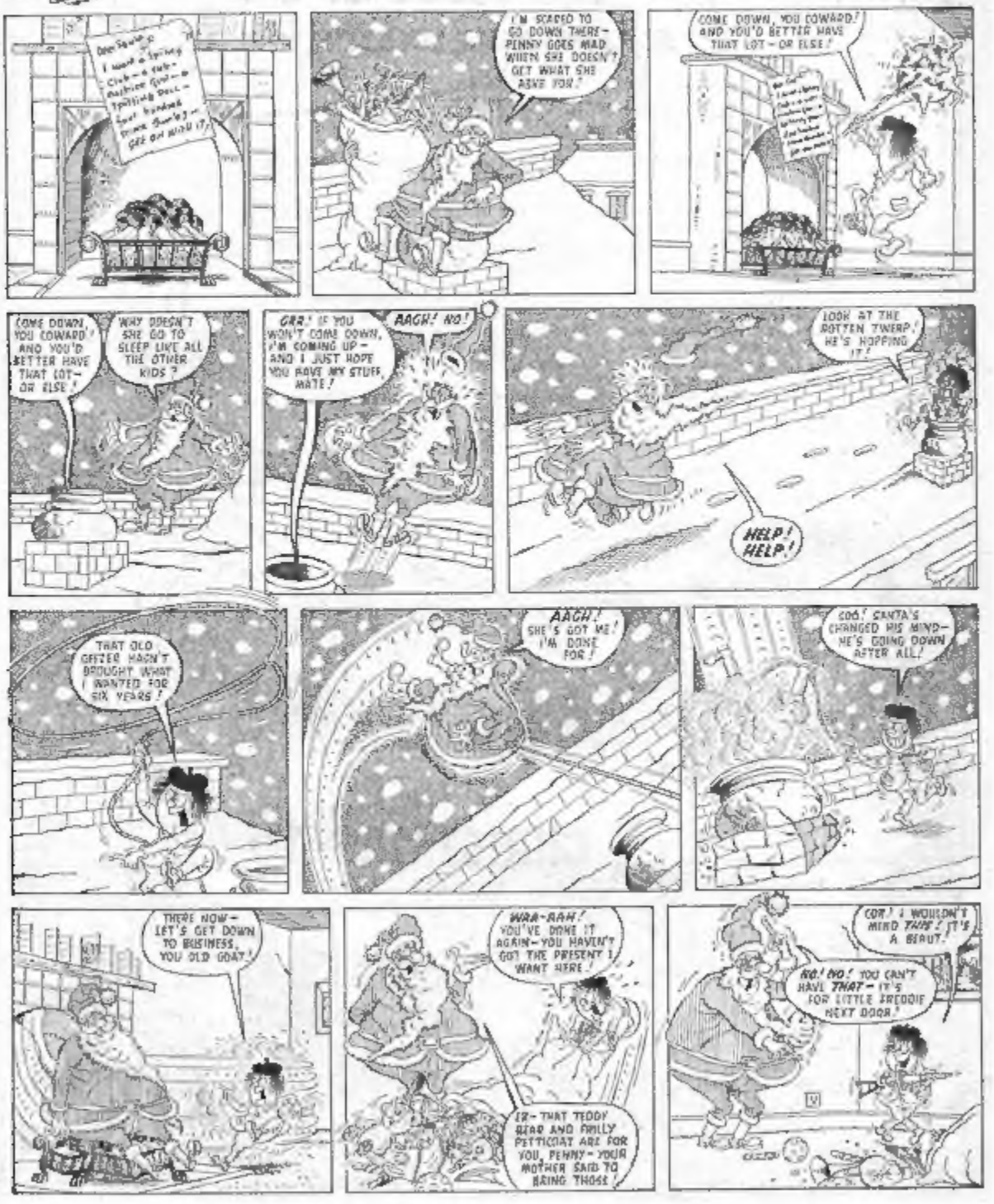
We CAN thank you for seeing things **our** way, for helping to make the style of comic fiction we believe in so widespread and ever-increasing in popularity. We can thank you for being true and faithful members of the Brotherhood of Power. For telling us, in your thousands of letters, that you like what we're doing . . . (and by buying our Power Pack to **prove** it ! !) But we think you already **know** how we feel about you all ! ! So you know we really **mean** it when we wish every one of you Power-housers **the best Christmas you've ever had** !

This is a time for happiness and good cheer, for contentment and fun. And that's the way we want it to be with YOU ! Because you **deserve** it, tigers, you really do !

But 'nuff said from us. Now we'll leave it to **the best-loved bunch of characters in comic history** to say our signing-off message for us. . . .

BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY 1967

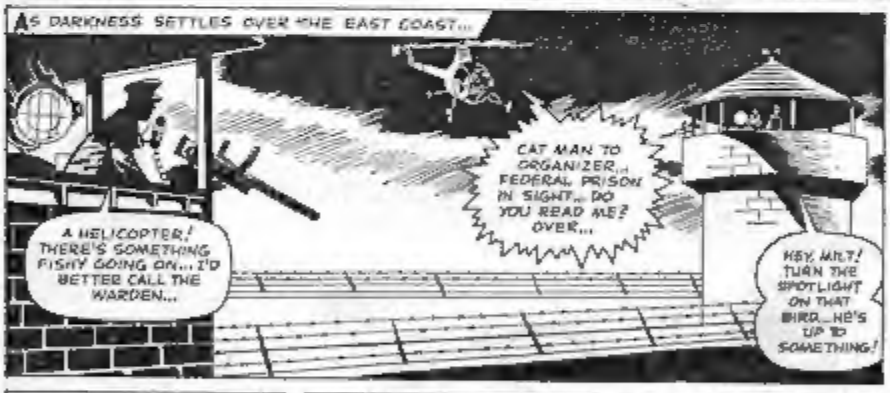


HOW! THAT TWERP FREDDIE WOULDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH IT!
BUT YOU DO! HELP!
RAT-TA-TAT!
THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH, GIRL— I'VE GOT OTHER CALLS TO MAKE. LET'S GET YOU BACK TO BED!
WAR-RAH! PUT ME DOWN! I HAVEN'T GOT MY PRESENTS YET!
LIE DOWN NOW AND BE A GOOD GIRL!
BUMP!
BUMP!
BUMP!
I THINK I'D BETTER GIVE PENNY A NEW LASSO — AND A HANKIE AS WELL! SHE BADLY NEEDS THEM!
WELL! THAT SHOULD KEEP EVERYBODY HAPPY! THIS IS MY LAST PICTURE — SO, A HAPPY CHRISTMAS, ALL YOU KIDDY-WINKS!
NEXT MORNING...
COO! I'VE GOT A SMASHING NEW PIPE, MUM!
A SHORTY NIGHTIE! SIGH!
H'MM! THERE'S SOMETHING NOT QUITE RIGHT THIS MORNING, MUM, BUT I CAN'T JUST PUT MY FINGER ON IT!
IT'S PENNY! WE CAN'T HEAR HER! SHE'S USUALLY CHARGING AROUND LIKE MAD — BASHING AND CRASHING! BUT IT'S DEADLY QUIET!
SNAP!
OH, DEAR! MAYBE SHE'S ILL!
SHE PINCHED HALF THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING YESTERDAY — IT COULD BE THAT!
ZOOM!
GOR! THAT TWERP AND HIS HANKIE AND LASSO!
EEK!
WAR-AAH! GEE ME OUDA DERE!
WELL, I SUPPOSE IT HAD TO HAPPEN ONE OF THESE YEARS!
HAPPY CHRISTMAS ALL!

Percy's Pets

GULP! JUST THREE HOURS TILL CHRISTMAS DINNER! HEY, THAT REMINDS ME— WHERE IS THAT SMART CHICK, CLARA?
COME HERE, CLARA—I WANT YOU!
G-GULP! IS HE KIDDING? CHRISTMAS DINNER MEANS CHICKEN—AN' I'M A CHICK!
COO! CLARA REALLY CAN PUT TWO AND TWO TOGETHER. NO WONDER PERCY CALLED HER SMART!
CLARA! ARE YOU COMING DOWN OR SHALL I COME UP?
PHEW! LUCKY I'M A LIGHT-WEIGHT OR THIS WOULDN'T HOLD ME!
LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE COOKED YOUR GOOSE! SNIGGER!
ERK! I BET THAT'S A BLIMKIN' BIG CHOPPER HE'S HIDING UP HIS JUMPER!
YIPES! AN' AIR RAID!
TRY THAT FOR SIZE, EGGHEAD!
SPLAT!
NO! NO! THAT WAS SOME YOLK I CRACKED!
CRASH
AND SO...
GRR! THAT CLEVER-DICK HASN'T BEATEN ME YET!
NEXT MOMENT...
SSSSSSH! QUIETLY DOES IT! I KNOW SHE'S IN THERE!
CLARA
THERE YOU ARE.... AAAAARGH!
YOU CAN'T FOOL ME! I'M NOT COMING OUT!
HELLO, NOW WHAT'S PERCY UP TO?
BAH! I'LL GET THAT BRIGHT TWERP YET! FIRST TO LAY A TRAP...
...AND NOW TO BLAST HER OUT!
BACK DOOR
I'LL RELEASE THE AIR AND... OOPS!
BANG!
SHRIEEEK! WHAT WAS THAT?
OH, NO! SHE'S SHOT OUT THE TOP!
GRR!—I'LL BE SAFER IN THE HOUSE!
BAH! THAT CHICK'S TOO SMART! SHE'S LOCKED THE DOOR SO I CAN'T GET IN—AN' I ONLY WANTED TO GIVE HER HER CHRISTMAS DINNER!
BANG
BANG
BANG!

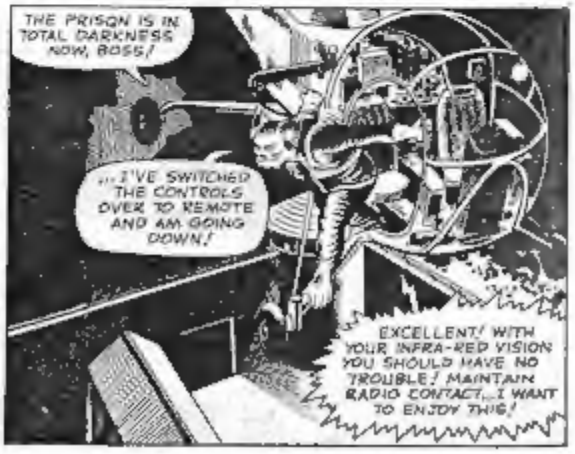
FOR YOUR CHRISTMAS PLEASURE WE PROUDLY PRESENT...
DAREDEVIL
"WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS!"
PART ONE "THE ORGANIZATION!"
THEY CALLED HIM THE ORGANIZER AND HE WAS THE MOST MYSTERIOUS MENACE EVER TO CHALLENGE THE POWER OF DAREDEVIL!
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1963


AS DARKNESS SETTLES OVER THE EAST COAST...
A HELICOPTER! THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY GOING ON... I'D BETTER CALL THE WARDEN...
CAT MAN TO ORGANIZER... FEDERAL PRISON IN SIGHT... DO YOU READ ME? OVER...
HEY, MILT! TURN THE SPOTLIGHT ON THAT BIRD... HE'S UP TO SOMETHING!

THIS IS THE ORGANIZER... PROCEED WITH OPERATION BLACKOUT! OVER...
ROGER! AM RELEASING BLACKOUT BOMB NOW!

IT'S DROPPED SOME KIND OF GADGET BY PARACHUTE, WARDEN! WARDEN? WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER?
WHRRRRRR

THE "BOMB" DRIFTS DOWN INTO THE PRISON COURTYARD, EMITTING AN ELECTRONIC IMPULSE WHICH DISRUPTS EVERY CIRCUIT IN THE AREA...
R R R
HEY! THE LIGHTS! WHAT...?!


THE PRISON IS IN TOTAL DARKNESS NOW, BOSS!
...I'VE SWITCHED THE CONTROLS OVER TO REMOTE AND AM GOING DOWN!
EXCELLENT! WITH YOUR INFRA-RED VISION YOU SHOULD HAVE NO TROUBLE! MAINTAIN RADIO CONTACT... I WANT TO ENJOY THIS!

WHAT HAPPENED? CHECK THE FUSES!
SOMEBODY FIND A FLASH LIGHT!
LOOK! I CAN'T SEE!
WHILE BELOW, ALL IS PANDEMONIUM, FOR THE LOCKS ON THE CELL DOORS ARE ALSO ELECTRICALLY CONTROLLED...
IT'S A BREAK! WHO... HOW...?
WHO CARES!? LET'S GO!
QUICK! THIS WAY... LET'S GET OVER THE WALL!
C'MON, MONK! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
NAH... I'M GONNA STAY PUT... I'M EXPECTIN' COMPANY!
IN THE CONFUSION, THE UNCANNY "CAT-MAN" LOWERS HIMSELF INTO THE PRISON...
...GOT TO ADJUST MY "CAT EYES"... THERE! LIKE HIGH NOON!
NO TIME TO WASTE... THIS IS IT! CELL BLOCK SEVEN...
NOW TO FIND MY MAN BEFORE THE 'BLACKOUT BOMB' RUNS OUT OF JUICE!
MONK KEEFER? COME WITH ME... THE ORGANIZER WANTS YOU!
YOU DON'T HAVE TO ASK ME TWICE... I BEEN GOIN' STIR-HAPPY WAITIN' FOR YOU!
THE STRANGE PAIR MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE CABLE, AND ARE HOISTED UP TO THE WAITING HELICOPTER...
MISSION ACCOMPLISHED, BOSS! I'VE GOT HIM!
WHO YOU TALKIN' TO? YOU NUTS OR SOMETHIN'?
MINUTES LATER, ORDER IS RESTORED IN THE PRISON, AND A HEAD COUNT IS BEGUN...
...KEEFER? KEEFER'S MISSING!
2771
DAILY SUN
DARING PRISON BREAK PUBLIC ENEMY ESCAPES
...APPARENTLY, THE WHOLE INCREDIBLE PLAN WAS PUT INTO EFFECT JUST TO GET THIS ONE MAN OUT OF PRISON...
IN HIS TENEMENT HIDEOUT, A CHEAP THUG TAKES A SPECIAL INTEREST IN THE NEWS...
THE SEARCH FOR MONK KEEFER CONTINUES ... BUT THERE ARE NO CLUES AS YET...
GOOD FOR MONK! I WONDER WHO SPRUNG HIM...?
THE POLICE COMMISSIONER HAS OFFERED NO COMMENT AS
FROG... THAT'S ME! WHAT TH'...?
FROG LE BLANC! THIS IS THE ORGANIZER CALLING...
WHO ARE YOU? AND HOW COME YOU KNOW ABOUT ME?
LISTEN CAREFULLY, AND DON'T INTERRUPT! I HAVE TAKEN THIS MEANS OF CONTACTING YOU TO DEMONSTRATE MY POWER!
I'VE STUDIED YOU, LE BLANC... I KNOW THAT YOU WERE A NAVY FROGMAN, AND I ALSO KNOW THE CIRCUMSTANCES IN WHICH YOU LEFT THE NAVY... I CAN USE YOUR SKILLS, OR I CAN NOTIFY THE GOVERNMENT AS TO YOUR WHEREABOUTS... IF YOU CHOOSE TO SERVE ME, REPORT TO THE EIGHTH FLOOR OF THE CHEMCO BUILDING AT MIDNIGHT!
Y-YEAH... I'LL BE THERE!
HA! MY MERRY LITTLE MENAGERIE IS GROWING... NOW TO CONTACT MY FINAL SPECIALIST...
HE'S ON THE PHONE... I'LL JUST CUT IN ON HIS CALL...
...AND TEN ON ROSEBUD IN THE FOURTH! I GOT YA, CHARLIE...
HENRY HAWK! THIS IS THE ORGANIZER! PARDON MY INTRUSION, BUT IF YOU ARE TIRED OF THIS FIVE-AND-TEN OPERATION, I'VE GOT A PROPOSITION...
KEEP TALKING, MISTER!
MIDNIGHT... THE CHEMCO BUILDING... AN OUTWARDLY INNOCENT OFFICE BUILDING NESTLING IN THE CONCRETE AND STEEL CANYONS OF NEW YORK...
...BUT IN A SECRET SUITE WITHIN, SURROUNDED BY A COMPLEX OF ELECTRONIC DEVICES, A STRANGE MEETING IS TAKING PLACE...
ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF... I AM THE ORGANIZER ...AND YOU HAVE BEEN RECRUITED BECAUSE OF YOUR SPECIAL SKILLS...
FROM NOW ON, EACH OF YOU IS TO HAVE A NEW IDENTITY, AS BEFITTING YOUR FUNCTION IN... THE ORGANIZATION!

AS YOU PUT ON YOUR COSTUMES, I'LL BRIEF YOU ON MY PLAN... YOU FOUR WILL INSTITUTE A CRIME WAVE THE LIKE OF WHICH HAS NEVER BEEN SEEN! AND YOU MAY KEEP THE PROCEEDS OF THESE VENTURES!
HEY! I CAN FLY! THESE WINGS HAVE REAL LIFTING POWER!
SOUNDS GREAT... WHAT'S THE CATCH? YOU SOME KIND OF PHILANTHROPIST?
WHADDYA KNOW! IT'S A REAL FROG-MAN SUIT!
YEAH... WHAT DO YOU GET OUT OF THIS CAPER, ORGANIZER... BESIDES KICKS?

THESE CRIMES ARE FOR A PURPOSE! EACH IS PART OF A PLAN TO DISCREDIT AND UNDERMINE THE CITY GOVERNMENT... AND THAT IS MERELY THE FIRST STEP! MY FINAL AIM IS TO TAKE CONTROL OF THE ENTIRE ADMINISTRATION!
I WILL KEEP IN TOUCH WITH YOU VIA YOUR HEAD SETS... AND OBSERVE BY MEANS OF THE "CREEPY-PEEPY" TV CAMERAS ON YOUR CHESTS...
CRAZY!
I GET IT... SORT OF LIKE WE'RE REMOTE-CONTROL GADGETS OURSELVES... WHAT'S THE FIRST MOVE?

TONIGHT YOU WILL STRIKE SIMULTANEOUSLY...
CAT MAN! YOU WILL USE YOUR INFRA-RED VISION AND THE BLACKOUT DEVICE TO BYPASS ALL THE ALARM SYSTEMS AND ROB THE CITY TREASURY!

...AND FROG MAN! YOU WILL ENTER THE SEWER SYSTEM AND CUT ALL POWER AND COMMUNICATION LINES... THAT SHOULD COVER FOR THE OTHERS!
APE MAN! YOU WILL USE YOUR ACROBATIC SKILL TO ENTER THE PENTHOUSE OF MILLIONAIRE ADAM TOWNES AND STEAL HIS PRICELESS RAJAH RUBY!
BIRD MAN! YOU WILL RAID THE CITY ARCHIVES AND REMOVE ALL RECORDS OF PAST ELECTIONS!

THE ORGANIZATION GOES INTO ACTION! IN THE CITY,
HA! WHAT A CINCH! I CAN DO ANYTHING IN THIS OUTFIT!
THE ORGANIZER IS A FOOL! TO LET US KEEP THIS LOOT!
WELL DONE, CAT MAN!
I GOT THE JEWEL, BOSS! IT WAS A CINCH!
GOOD! KEEP TO THE ROOF-TOPS, APE MAN!

ABOVE THE CITY, AND BELOW THE CITY...
ARE YOU GETTING THIS AERIAL VIEW ON YOUR TV, CHIEF?
YES... VERY STRIKING... DID YOU GET THE RECORDS?
THE BOSS IS A REAL WEIRDO... BUT I'LL PLAY ALONG FOR THE LOOT!
MISSION ACCOMPLISHED, ORGANIZER!
EXCELLENT! THIS SHOULD DISCREDIT THE AUTHORITIES VERY NICELY!

IN CASE YOU WERE WONDERING IF WE'D EVER GET AROUND TO MATT MURDOCK, HERE HE IS, NEXT MORNING...
Daily Chronicle
CRIME WAVE HITS CITY!
LISTEN TO THIS, MATT...
"IN THE WORST OUTBREAK OF LAWLESSNESS IN THE CITY'S HISTORY THE POLICE STILL HAVE NO CLUES"...
DAREDEVIL WILL HAVE TO LOOK INTO THIS!
FINAL CLOW

SOMEONE AT THE DOOR! IT'S FOGGY!
GOOD MORNING, YOU CHARMING PEOPLE! WHAT AN EXCELLENT MORNING IT IS!
FOGGY... WHAT IS IT? YOU'RE FRISKY AS A PUPPY!
FOGGY SEEMS MORE THAN CHEERFUL... HE'S RADIATING A SENSE OF CONFIDENCE I'VE NEVER SENSED IN HIM BEFORE!

YOU ARE LOOKING AT THE NEXT D.A. OF THIS CITY! THE REFORM PARTY HAS OFFERED ME THEIR NOMINATION!
OH, FOGGY! THAT'S WONDERFUL!
BY THE WAY, THERE'S GOING TO BE A YACHT PARTY IN MY HONOUR THIS AFTERNOON... YOU MAY COME IF YOU LIKE!
OF COURSE, FOGGY... WOULDN'T MISS IT FOR THE WORLD...
LATER, AT THE YACHT BASIN...
WHAT A GALA AFFAIR, MATT! ALL THE IMPORTANT PEOPLE IN TOWN ARE HERE!
AND YET, BENEATH IT ALL, I SENSE SOMETHING WRONG... AN UNDERTONE OF MENACE!
MATT MURDOCK! I DON'T KNOW IF YOU REMEMBER ME... ABNER JONAS! I'M YOUR HOST FOR THIS JUNKET!
OF COURSE, MR. JONAS! WHO WOULDN'T REMEMBER THE REFORM PARTY'S CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR!
I DIDN'T CATCH YOUR NAME, SON... I'M MILTON MONROE, THE REFORM PARTY'S CANDIDATE FOR ASSEMBLYMAN... YOU MAY CALL ME MILT!
I'M NOT TOO GOOD AT NAMES! HOPE I CAN REMEMBER THEM ALL!
NAME'S MURDOCK, SIR. I'M FOGGY'S PARTNER!
FOGGY, I'VE GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU... AN OLD FRIEND OF YOURS... DO YOU REMEMBER?
HE WOULDN'T REMEMBER LITTLE OL' ME, MR. JONAS... IT'S SO LONG AGO!
GEE, MR. JONAS... I THINK... I MEAN I'D SURE LIKE TO... THAT IS, HEL-LO!
I'LL GIVE YOU A HINT... FILLMORE HIGH SCHOOL!
DEBORAH! IT'S DEBORAH HARRIS! HOW YOU'VE GROWN!
RIGHT THE FIRST TIME! I'VE NEVER FORGOTTEN YOU, FOGGY!
AHEM!
OH, KAREN... MEET MY OLD SCHOOL SWEETHEART--DEB AND I HAD A TERRIFIC CRUSH WHEN WE WERE KIDS...
♪ HOW SWEET ♪
THANK ♪ YOU, DEAR!
THAT EVENING, AS THE YACHT TURNS BACK TOWARD HARBOUR...
WHY DID KAREN REACT THE WAY SHE DID? IS SHE IN LOVE WITH FOGGY?
FOGGY, DO YOU REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME WE MET? I DO...
AND WHY IS DEBORAH MAKING SUCH A BIG PLAY FOR FOGGY... IS THERE SOME ULTERIOR MOTIVE?
WHAT'S THAT?! MY RADAR HEADING HAS PICKED UP A RADIO MESSAGE! IT'S BEING TRANSMITTED FROM THIS YACHT!
ORGANIZER TO FROG MAN... THE TIME HAS COME FOR OUR NEXT MOVE...
THE YACHT IS IN YOUR AREA NOW, SO ANY TIME YOU'RE READY, FIRE AWAY!
THIS MEANS ONE OF THE MEMBERS OF THE REFORM PARTY ITSELF IS THE ORGANIZER!
AND HE'S NOW DIRECTING AN ATTACK ON ONE OF US!
OUT OF DARKNESS AND THE DEEP, IN ANSWER TO THE SIGNAL, A GROTESQUE FIGURE BREAKS THE SURFACE...
GATHER 'ROUND, FRIENDS... A TOAST TO FOGGY NELSON!
I CAN SENSE HIM MOVING TOWARD US IN THE WATER... BUT WHAT CAN I DO?!
THE BOOM! THIS SHOULD DO IT... NOW!!
OOPS! I TRIPPED!
LOOK OUT! HEADS UP!

AS COLD AND VICIOUS AS THE CURRENTS THAT SWIRL ABOUT HIM —SO FROG MAN AWAITS HIS BLIND, UNARMED ADVERSARY! YOU DARE NOT MISS *PART TWO* OF ..

THE ORGANIZATION!

SMASH-CHAT!

Dear Alf and Cos,

Why don't you ever print a letter from the NORTH of Scotland? We have watched every week and everyone is from the South. It makes us very sad. We love your comic but we can't help thinking that we must be your only "far North" fans. Anyway keep up the good work. SMASH is smashing.

Heather and David,
Invergordon, Ross-shire,
Scotland

Hoots mon, ha' we really not printed a wee more from a'e lads or lassies in the North of Bonnie Scotland before? Ye pe the one makes us friends again—and a Happy Hogmanay to you all.

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I can't imagine any mother putting up with all the pets Percy has in his house! (I'd better not show this to MY mother or she might get ideas about banning the few pets in our house.) I am sending this letter because I thought it might win some money to buy the new fantastic FANTASTIC. I have heard a lot about it and I hope I am able to get it.

N. Wynne-Morgan,
Stanmore, Middx

Perhaps it's mum likes his pets really—in fact she was overheard to say she's buying another for Christmas—a turkey, she think she said.

Alf and Cos

Dear Alf and Cos,

Please, please print this letter. I admire all your stories, especially Batman, but I do wish you would stop Robin saying "Holy this" and "Holy that" just once in a while.

I bet you'll never believe me, but when I have finished reading my SMASH, I put it down beside me and guess what? My cat comes and SITS on it! He probably has a read on the quiet, too! Well, S.I.G.* and out.

David Menon
(*Smash is Great),
London.

Holy Criticism. We can't be blamed for what Robin says. S.W.A.P. and out.*

Alf and Cos

You've won a pound.

Dear Alf and Cos,

It seems a long time since I saw the boy who doesn't know his own strength. It's so long I can't even remember his name. Do you remember it—I suppose you do. I'm tired of waiting for him—looks like he's for the next world or something. He's always got this sign on his shirt—T

Martin Keane,
Co Antrim, N Ireland.

All these clues can only lead to one place—Tully McGreavis. So see if you can track him down in this Ish.

Alf and Cos.

IMPORTANT!

Fill in the coupon below and enclose it with your letter.

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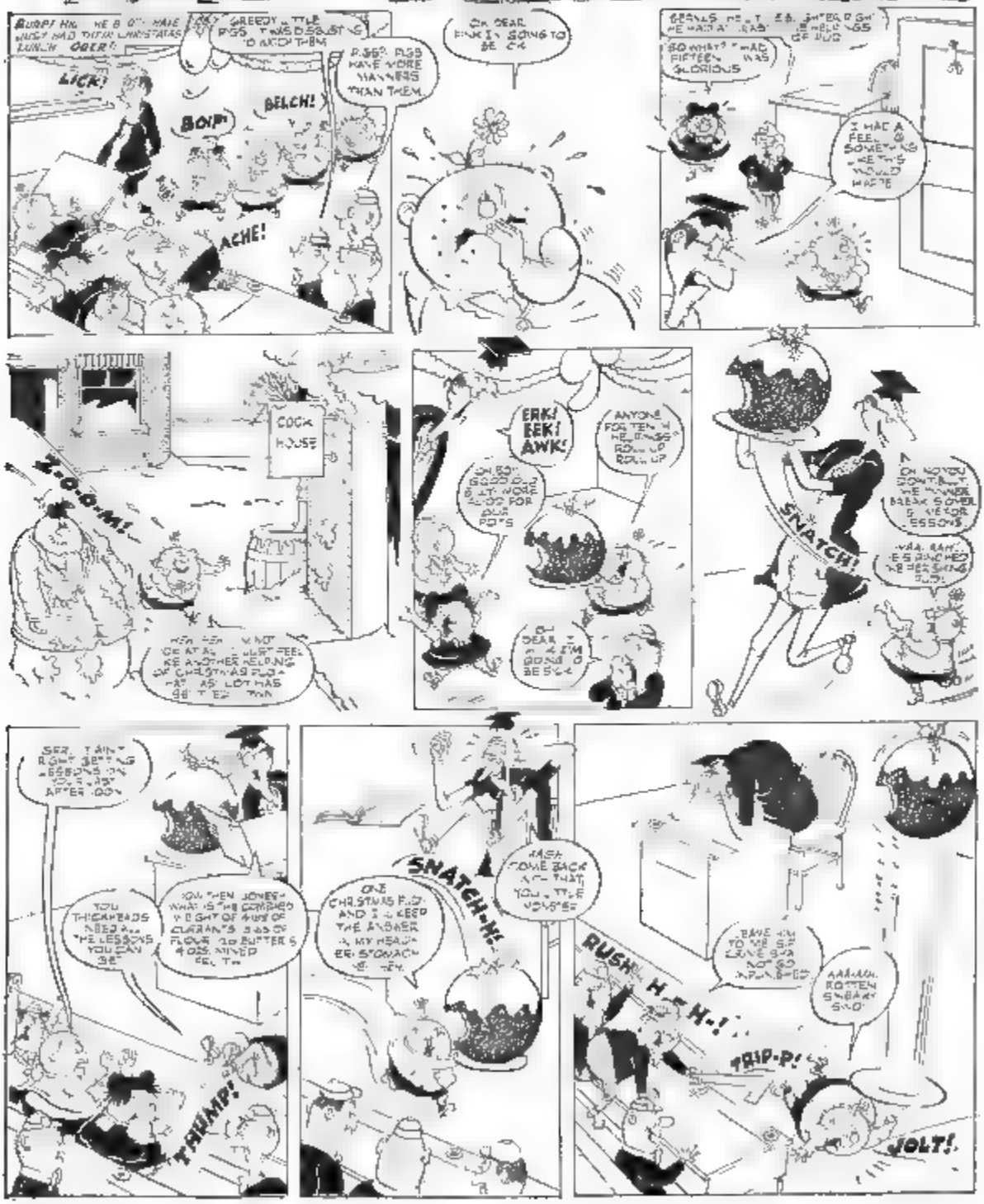
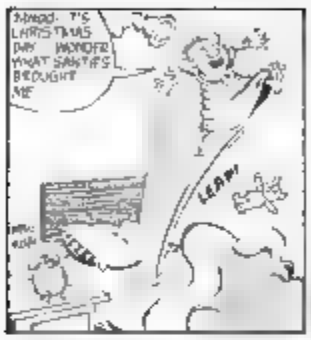
The SWOTS and the BLOTS

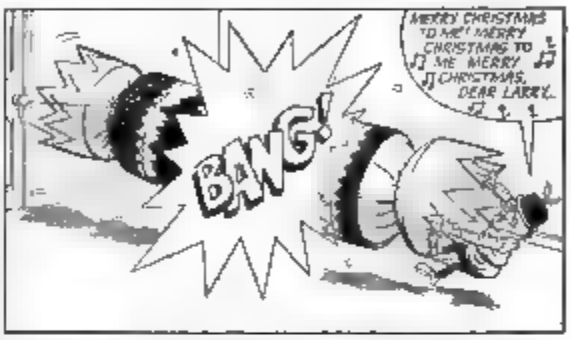


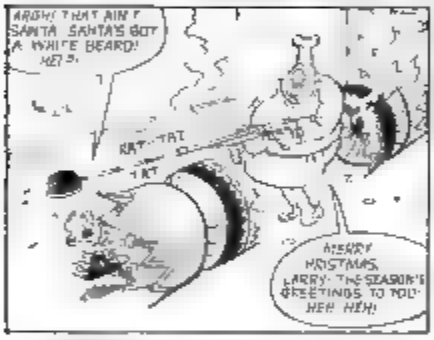
THAT'S THE WORST OF OUR COOK'S CHRISTMAS PUDS. THEY TEND TO GO RUBBERY ONCE THEY'RE COOKED.
BOING!
BOUNCE!
DONG-O
FIRE!
Z-O-O-M!
ZOO M-M-M!
BOING!
DUCK!
I JUST POPPED IN TO WISH YOU ALL A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS, BOYS
AGH!
SPLAT!
GET WHO THREW THAT? I'LL HAVE SOMEBODY'S HIDE FOR THIS
GOO OLD PUDDING FACE
EE-HEE-HEE THOSE BLOTS ARE FOR IT NOW
THE HEAD'S BEEN IN A FOUL MOOD ALL WEEK. HAS GOT TOOTHACHE AND WON'T GO TO THE DENTIST
HERE'S THE CULPRIT. YOUR HEADMASTER. I'M SURE YOU'LL KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH IT
HAA-AAH. NOT GUILTY. I'VE BEEN FRAMED. THE WAY THREW IT WAS LIKE
THIS ALL THAT GIRLS MEANS HIM. I'LL HAVE TO GET A STRONGER CANE BEFORE NEXT CHRISTMAS
GEE, STOP PLAYING GAMES, YOU FOOL. I CAN'T CANE HIM UP THERE
PTOINE!
HE'S NOT GOING TO BE CANED. IT'S OUT THE WINDOW FOR ME
YOU SHOW THEM, BUT — YOU'RE THE BOSS
GEE, DON'T JUST STAND THERE. GET HIM DOWN.
YES, SIR-R-RIGHT AWAY, SIR
SNAP!
AGH! WHO LEFT A BANANA LYING ABOUT? BET IT WAS THOSE SHOTS
Z-O-O-M!
WAA-AAH!
WEE!
BY JOVE, HE'S DONE AND YOU'VE KNOCKED OUT THAT ROTTEN TOOTH.
COME ON, BOY. HAVEN'T EATEN FOR DAYS. I'VE GOT A LOT OF TIME TO MAKE UP.
OH, JOLLY GOOD OLD EAD. HERE'S TO SO AGAIN. MERRY CHRISTMAS, FELLERS
AND I THOUGHT I WAS FINISHED FOR THE YEAR
MERRY INDEED. I CAN EAT NOW. CHOW! CHOW!

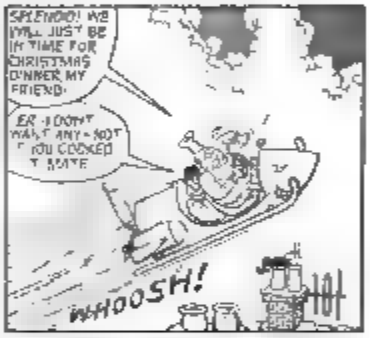
THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

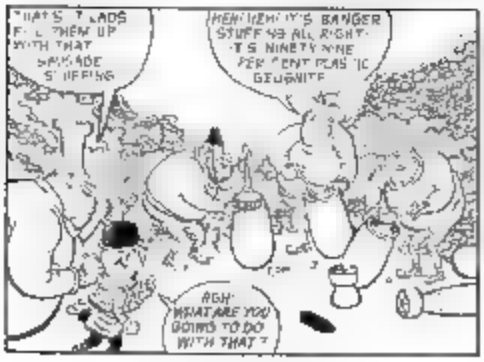
STARS IN THIS SPECIAL CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE!

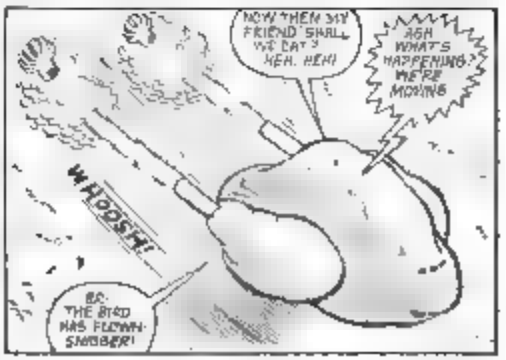












AGH! AIN'T EATING BET IT'S PRUSSIC ACID PUD WITH CYANIDE SAUCE

GRR! AFTER HIM! HE'LL EAT IT IF WE HAVE TO STUFF IT DOWN HIS BLINKING THROAT

LEAVE HIM TO ME DOCTOR! I'LL GIVE HIM HIS CHRISTMAS SOCK!

HECK DEPARTMENT

NOW I KNOW WHAT THOSE BLINKING NERVS FEEL LIKE ONCE WISH SOME OF THEM WERE HERE NOW TO GIVE ME A HAND

BY JUNO THE WISHBONE LARRY ISN'T BEATEN YET!

I MAKE A CATAPULT WITH MY BRAINS

TWANG! SPLAT!

HOW'S THAT? A BULL'S-EYE! MY WISH HAS COME TRUE!

I'VE GOT TO TURN THIS THING ROUND OR THERE WON'T BE ANY ELF AND COS SOON THEY EVEN WORK ON CHRISTMAS DAY. THE POOR TWERPS

FLIGHT CONTROL DEPT.

SAFE!

RIGHT, MY FRIEND. TURN HER ABOUT AND HEAD FOR THE OPEN SEA. THAT DIABOLICAL BOMB WON'T DO ANY HARM OUT THERE

AGH! IT'S THE MAN FROM BUMBLE. RECOGNISE THAT FINGER!

FINGER? FINGER! NOT A GUN??!!

SIGH! THE MAN FROM BUMBLE HAS BUMBLED AGAIN!!

HEH! HEH! I'M GOING TO GET A GREAT DEAL OF JOY OUT OF THIS.

JOYSTICK!

ZOOM!

AGH! WHY DIDN'T SANTA BRING ME A GUN? HELP HELP!

?

DROP!

ER RECKON I FORGET TO PUT ME BRACES BACK ON YEOW

CRASH!

TRIP!

THOUGHT I WAS BRACES OF PHEASANT NOT TURKEY.

PYOING!

AGH! HE'S SMASHED UP THE INSTRUMENTS! WE'RE OUT OF CONTROL!

VARRRM!

VARRRM!

THE MAN FROM BUMBLE'S DONE IT AGAIN. HE'S FOOLED US! THERE WILL BE A SMASH NEXT WEEK, AFTER ALL! WAHAH!

ER ONE MORE SMASH COMING UP G-GULP!

WHEEEEEEE

I'M SEEING THINGS IT CAN'T BE - I'VE EATEN TOO MUCH TURKEY!

INEVITABLE, FANTASTICLY LOUD

BOOM!

WELL, MERRY CHRISTMAS SMASHERS. IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'LL BE GETTING YOUR SMASH NEXT WEEK AFTER ALL

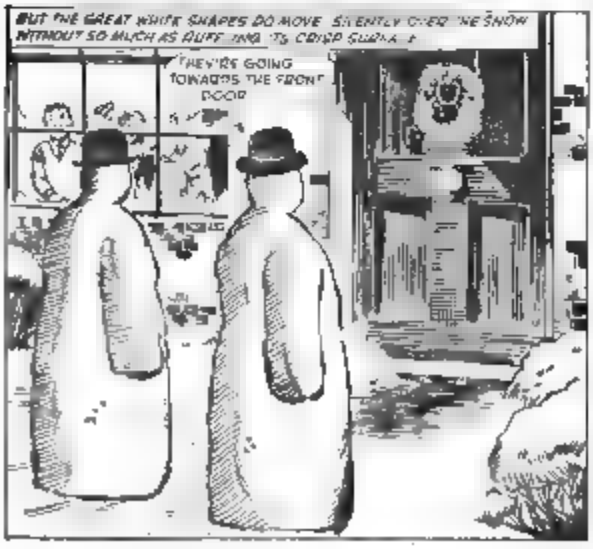
BAH! ONE OF THESE DAYS I'LL GET HIM. BURBLE! BURBLE!

DON'T MISH OUR NEXT SMASHING ISH!

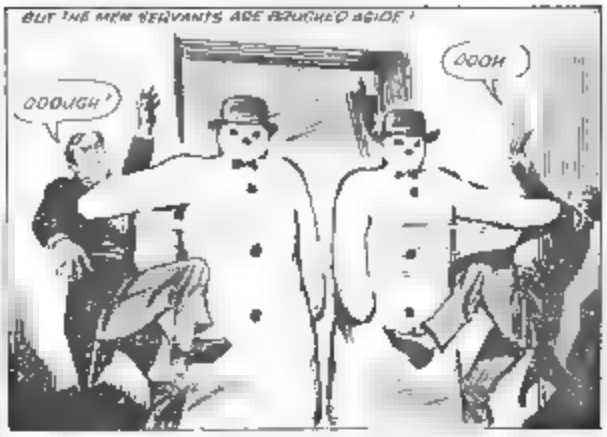
MEET THE STRONGEST BOY IN THE WORLD . . .

TUFFY McGREW

BRIAN'S BRAIN

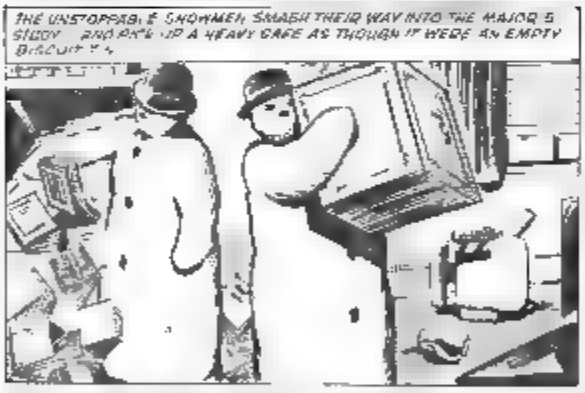


THEY THEY'RE C-COMING IN!
CLIVE! JENKINS! THROW THOSE THINGS OUT!

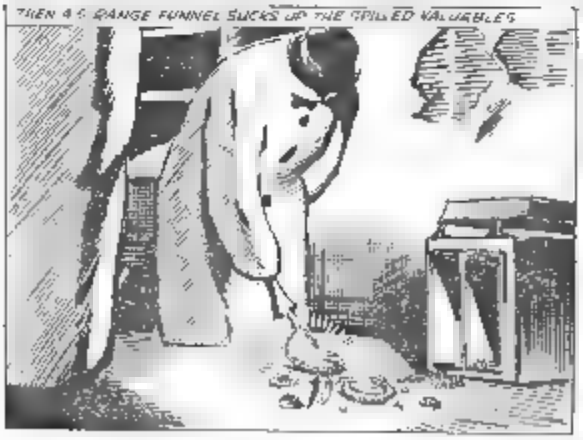

BUT THE MEN SERVANTS ARE PUSHED ASIDE!
OOOUGH!
OOOH

EVERYONE GET TO THE REAR OF THE HOUSE! I'M CALLING THE POLICE

AARGH!
CRASH!


THE UNSTOPPABLE SNOWMEN SMASH THEIR WAY INTO THE MAJOR'S STUDY AND PICK UP A HEAVY CASE AS THOUGH IT WERE AN EMPTY BISCUIT TIN

THE CASE SMASHES AGAINST A WALL AND THE WHOLE HOUSE SHUDDERS!


THEN A LARGE FUNNEL SUCKS UP THE SPILLED VALUABLES

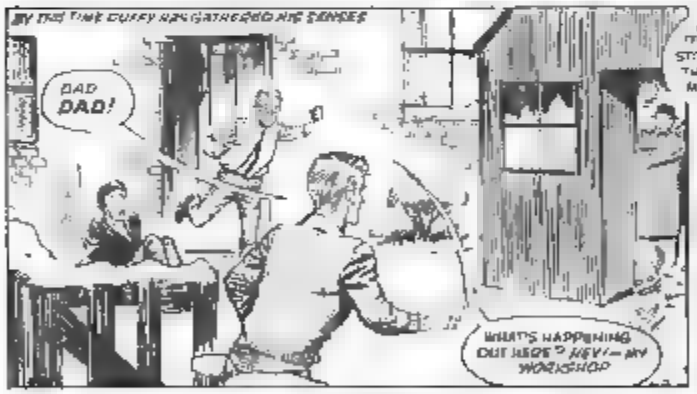
MEANWHILE, SOME MILES AWAY PROFESSOR KINGSLEY, BRIAN'S FATHER, FINISHES A JOB IN HIS GARDEN WORKSHOP
THAT WILL DO FOR TODAY I'LL KEEP MY NOTEBOOK IN MY OVER ALL POCKET FOR THE TIME BEING

AND, AT THAT MOMENT, BRIAN'S PAL DUFFY ARRIVES
SMASHING SNOWMAN YOU'VE GOT HERE PROFESSOR ALL HE NEEDS IS SOME OLD CLOTHES AND HE'D BE REALLY LIFE-LIKE
YOU'LL FIND AN OLD COAT IN HERE BEHIND THE DOOR DUFFY YOU CAN USE THAT

AS THE PROFESSOR HURRIES INTO THE HOUSE HE DOES NOT NOTICE THAT IT IS HIS GOOD OVERALL COAT THA DUFFY TAKES
BRIAN'S DAD IS A GOOD SPORT BUT GOSH IN SH BRIAN HAD LET ME H HIM TO BUILD THAT SNOW MAN BEFORE HE WENT TO THAT PARTY

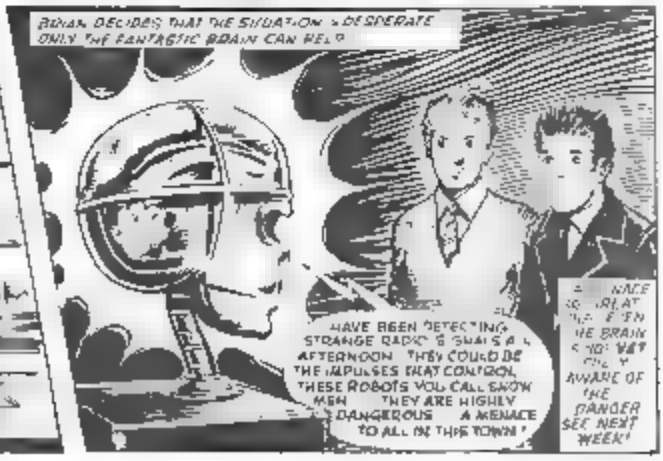
IT SEEMS AN OOD SOR OF SNOWMAN IT DOESN'T FEEL RIGHT
SUPPOSE OL BRIAN MADE IT IN SOME SPECIAL WAY

NEXT MOMENT IT'S DUFFY WHO DOESN'T FEEL RIGHT
OOOUGH!


BY THE TIME DUFFY HAS GATHERED HIS SENSES
DAD DAD!
WHAT'S HAPPENING OUT HERE? HEY! — MY WORKSHOP

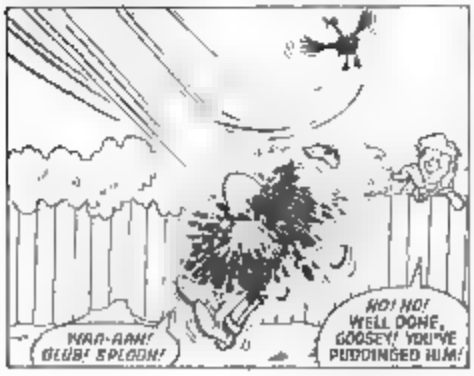
DAD! LET IT GO IT'S TOO POWERFUL TO STOP! I'VE SEEN MORE OF THEM IN ACTION AT MAJOR MULCH'S HOUSE
BUT LOOK AT THE DAMAGE TO THE DOME! LUCKILY I'VE GOT ALL THE NOTES ON MY LATEST INVENTION BUT IT WILL TAKE AGES TO BUILD IT AGAIN

BUT WHEN THE PROFESSOR LOOKS FOR HIS NOTES
MY NOTES! WHERE ARE THEY? THIS IS MY OLD COAT — THEY WERE IN MY GOOD COAT
OOH I'M SORRY PROFESSOR I'M MUST HAVE PUT YOUR GOOD ONE ON THE SNOWMAN BY MISTAKE


BRIAN DECIDES THAT THE SITUATION IS DESPERATE ONLY THE FANTASTIC BRAIN CAN HELP
HAVE BEEN DETECTING STRANGE RADIO SIGNALS AFTERNOON THEY COULD BE THE IMPULSES THAT CONTROL THESE ROBOTS YOU CALL SNOW MEN THEY ARE HIGHLY DANGEROUS A MENACE TO ALL IN THE TOWN!
AWARE OF THE DANGER SEE NEXT WEEK!

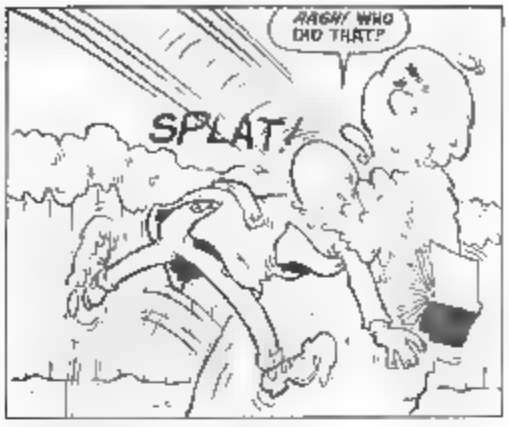
Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE



TAKE A HANDFUL OF SNOW AND MOULD WELL FOR THE NOSE - NEXT TAKE SEVERAL PRUNES AND START TO MAKES EYES AND MOUTH !

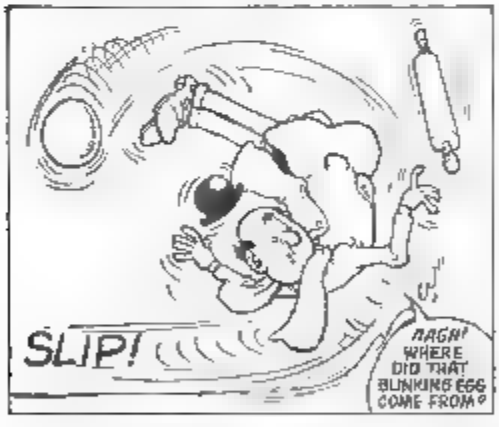
YOU CAN'T COOK WITHOUT EGGS. CAN YOU?


AAGH! WHO DID THAT?
SPLAT!

GRR! YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS, CHARLIE AS IF I DON'T GET ENOUGH TROUBLE FROM YOU AT SCHOOL!

BANZAI! NOW I'LL COOK THEIR BLINKING GOOSES!
YOU AND YOUR BRIGHT IDEAS I DON'T FANCY BEING COOKED! I'VE STILL GOT A GOOD FEW YEARS LEFT IN ME YET

IT'S TIME I'LL LAID HIM LOW!


SLIP!
AAGH! WHERE DID THAT BLINKING EGG COME FROM?

WELL THAT'S THE TREE BOUGHT CHARLIE CAN GIVE ME A HAND TO DECORATE IT TON GHT!

WHA-HAH! IT'S RAINING MEN!

DON'T BLAME ME, MRS BROWN IT WAS THAT CLOT OF A SON OF YOURS!

CHARLIE BROWN! YOU CAN JUST BUY ANOTHER TREE NOW— AND NO BUTS!
B-BUT, MUM! I SPENT ALL MY MONEY ON CHRISTMAS PRESENTS!

GOOSEY GOOSEY GANDER, WHERE DID YOU WANDER?
SIGH! ANOTHER THREE HOURS AND WE MIGHT HAVE ENOUGH TO PAY FOR THAT TREE!
WHAT A DUCKY COSTUME FOR A CAROL SINGER!

MAYBE IT WON'T BE A WHITE CHRISTMAS, BUT HERE IS HOW TO MAKE IT A BRIGHT ONE AT . . . . .

Mister Knowall's CHRISTMAS PARTY!

Brr! Come in, quick—it's freezing with the door open. All the other guests are here. You don't know them . . .? Never mind—most of them don't know each other, anyway. So we'll start with a game that will get everyone quickly acquainted . . .

I WILL secretly give three or four of my guests a few pennies, threepenny bits or sixpences—before I tell everyone to go round shaking hands and introducing themselves to each other. But I'm also warning them to watch out for a surprise while they are shaking hands. For I have already told the guests who are holding the coins to secretly hand them to the FOURTH person they shake hands with—and they, in turn, must tell this fourth person to secretly pass on the coins to the FOURTH person he shakes hands with and so on. When just about everyone has met everyone I'll call "TIME!" And the guests left holding the coins can keep them.

And now for a spot of Knowall magic. For this I've got a wine glass (the cone shaped sort) a sixpence and a shilling. And I'm ready to perform the magic trick. First I place the sixpence on the bottom of the glass and the shilling on top—both of them level. Now, without touching either of the coins, I am going to get the sixpence on the top of the shilling. But wait a minute—perhaps one of you clever-clogs guests would like to try first. Okay! Go on, then . . .

Hey! What's this? He's blowing sharp and hard down into the side of the glass! The two coins are turning round—and up comes the sixpence on top of the shilling! Give that man another drink of punch!

Now for a quick question to get everyone puzzling while I make up some more of that punch.

How can you take one from nineteen and get twenty?

You simply use Roman figures—

TAKE ONE XIX

★

Now for a game that is going to have everyone breathless and gasping for a glass of that delicious PUNCH standing on the sideboard in the biggest mixing bowl I could find. How did I make it? Simple.

I just poured bottles of different flavoured mineral water together (but not Cream Soda), then sliced 2 whole oranges (including the peel), a lemon and a couple of apples into it. A few ice-cubes from the fridge also helped.

But now for the game.

Divide up into two equal lines facing front. Okay? Now I am tying a length of string like a belt round the waist of the leader of each line. And on the string, round the back, are tucked eight handkerchiefs.

The idea of this game is for each team to get moving in a line holding on to each other's waist and at the same time to snatch as many handkerchiefs from the belt of the opposing leader as it can. Remember when the leader moves, the whole team moves and there is going to be a lot of dodging about. The winner is the team that get all the handkerchiefs first. The prize? First drinks at the punch bowl! Phew!

Okay—that's the bowl filled again and I'm left holding an empty bottle. Hey! That gives me an idea for another spot of magic. All I need now is a small cork that fits very loosely into the neck. Right! I'll lay the bottle on its side and put the cork into the neck. Now, can any of you blow the cork into the bottle? "Easy!" you say? Okay—try! Don't tell him, anyone, but that cork is going to come right out and hit him in the face every time he blows! You don't believe me? Okay—just wait for the laughs!

Now how about this? I can stick a pin into a balloon without bursting it! Watch! I'll take down the balloon I stuck on the ceiling—see, I'm stabbing it on hard wood—it doesn't go bang!

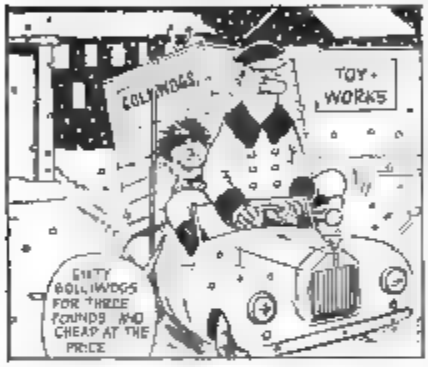
The secret . . . well, I stuck a tiny piece of Sellotape onto the balloon and that's where I'm jabbing the pin! But don't tell anyone, or you'll spoil the trick!

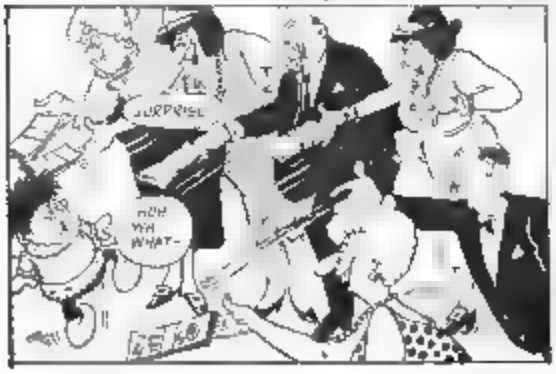
Okay, you clever-lot. Now I've got a question for you. If you are facing North North-East—what is on your left hand? You don't know—you should. It's four fingers and a thumb! You've got to HAND it to me!

What's this . . . you've got to go now? Gosh! So you have! But don't forget to come back next week for some more tricks and games. And if I've given you any ideas for your party, don't

HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—IF HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT..

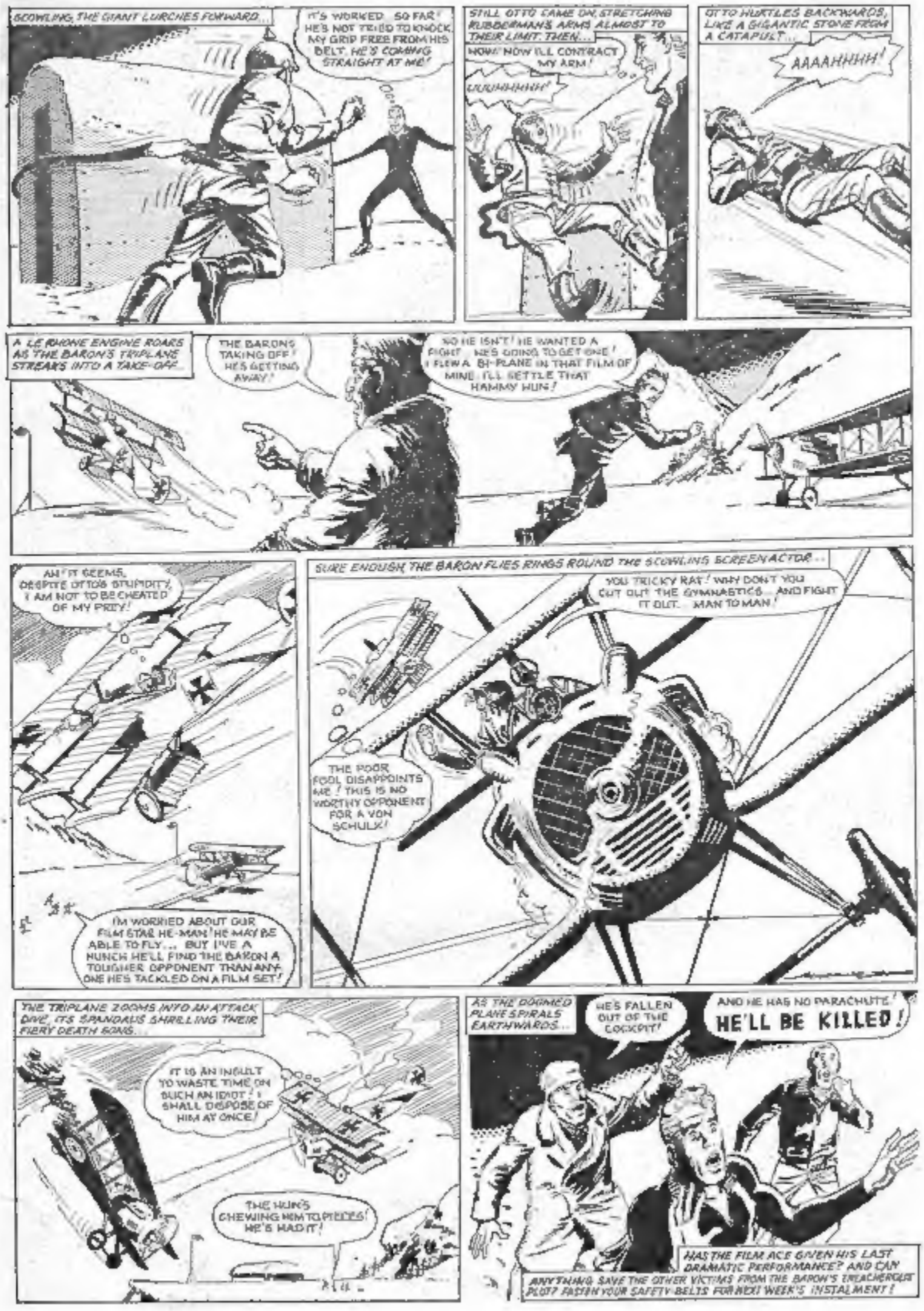
RONNIE RICH





IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

RUBBERMAN AND FOUR OTHER GUESTS HAVE BEEN INVITED TO THE MOUNTAIN CASTLE HOME OF BARON VON SCHMUCK. TOO LATE THEY REALIZE THEIR LIVES ARE IN DANGER BUT THEY CANNOT ESCAPE FOR OTTO, THE BARON'S BATMAN HAS A HIDDEN REMOTE CONTROL UNIT WHICH CAN BLOW UP THE WHOLE MOUNTAIN


SCOWLING, THE GIANT LURCHES FORWARD...
IT'S WORKED... SO FAR! HE'S NOT TRIED TO KNOCK MY GRIP FREE FROM HIS BELT. HE'S COMING STRAIGHT AT ME!
STILL OTTO CAME ON, STRETCHING RUBBERMAN'S ARMS ALMOST TO THEIR LIMIT. THEN...
NOW! NOW I'LL CONTRACT MY ARM!
UUUUHHHHH!
OTTO HURTLES BACKWARDS, LIKE A GIGANTIC STONE FROM A CATAPULT...
AAAAHHHH!
A LE RHONE ENGINE ROARS AS THE BARON'S TRIPLANE STREAKS INTO A TAKE-OFF...
THE BARON'S TAKING OFF! HE'S GETTING AWAY!
NO HE ISN'T! HE WANTED A FIGHT... HE'S GOING TO GET ONE! I FLEW A 8H-PLANE IN THAT FILM OF MINE. I'LL SETTLE THAT HAMMY HUN!
AH! IT SEEMS, DESPITE OTTO'S STUPIDITY, I AM NOT TO BE CHEATED OF MY PREY!
I'M WORRIED ABOUT OUR FILM STAR HE-MAN! HE MAY BE ABLE TO FLY... BUT I'VE A HUNCH HE'LL FIND THE BARON A TOUGHER OPPONENT THAN ANY-ONE HE'S TACKLED ON A FILM SET!
SURE ENOUGH, THE BARON FLIES RINGS ROUND THE SCOWLING SCREEN ACTOR...
YOU TRICKY RAT! WHY DON'T YOU CUT OUT THE GYMNASTICS... AND FIGHT IT OUT... MAN TO MAN!
THE POOR FOOL DISAPPOINTS ME! THIS IS NO WORTHY OPPONENT FOR A VON SCHULK!
THE TRIPLANE ZOOMS INTO AN ATTACK DIVE, ITS SPANDAU'S SHRILLING THEIR FIERY DEATH SONG...
IT IS AN INSULT TO WASTE TIME ON SUCH AN IDIOT! I SHALL DISPOSE OF HIM AT ONCE!
THE HUN'S CHEWING HIM TO PIECES! HE'S HAD IT!
AS THE DOOMED PLANE SPIRALS EARTHWARDS...
HE'S FALLEN OUT OF THE COCKPIT!
AND HE HAS NO PARACHUTE! HE'LL BE KILLED!
HAS THE FILM ACE GIVEN HIS LAST DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE? AND CAN ANYTHING SAVE THE OTHER VICTIMS FROM THE BARON'S TREACHEROUS PLOT? FASTEN YOUR SAFETY BELTS FOR NEXT WEEK'S INSTALMENT!

THE NERVS

HELLO, FATTY'S KNEE NERVS ARE GETTING ALL CHRISTMASSY!
CHRISTMAS IS COMING AND HIS KNEES ARE GETTING FAT!
KNEE NERVS
AND SO ARE HIS HAIR NERVS...
AND A DANDRUFF IN A HAIR TREE!
OF COURSE, FATTY HASN'T TIME OR ROOM IN HIS MOUTH FOR SINGING!!!
THAT LAD'S GOT NO HEART— ALL CHRISTMAS MEANS TO HIM IS ONE GLORIOUS NOSH UP! HE'LL NEVER HAVE ROOM FOR HIS PUDDING AFTER WHAT HE'S EATEN ALREADY!
SLURP! SLURP! SLOOP!
MERRY CHRISTMAS
STOMACH DEPT.
AAGH! MUM'S RIGHT— THERE'S NO ROOM! IT'S POURING OUT OF THE DOOR!
G-GOSH! THAT PUDDLE OF PUDDING IS HEADING IN ALL DIRECTIONS! NOBODY IS SAFE!
THAT FAT TWERP'S NEVER SATISFIED WITH ENOUGH!
STOMACH
LEFT ARM
QUICK! — LET'S HAVE A LOOK IN FATTY'S CHEST!
ANYONE FOR A LOVELY, HOT, ROASTED CHESTNUT — A SPECIALITY OF THE CHEST DEPARTMENT!
AAGH! A LANDSLIDE! LET ME OUT OF HERE!
AND SO IT GOES ON...
THE FAT, GREEDY TWERP! WHY CAN'T HE LET US HAVE OUR CHRISTMAS IN PEACE!
...RIGHT UP TO FATTY'S NECK!
AAGH! BACK! B-B-BACK! — OR I'LL FILL YOU FULL OF BUCKSHOT!
AAGH! IT'S GOT ME WITH DIRTY GREAT CURRANTS! WE DON'T STAND A CHANCE — SEND FOR DR. WHO!
AND UP IN THE BRAIN DEPARTMENT...
THIS IS AN EMERGENCY! WE'VE GOT TO THINK OF SOMETHING — AND QUICK!
IT'S SIMPLE REALLY — WE COULD STOP THE PUD WHERE IT IS NOW BY TELLING THE CLOT TO STOP EATING!
WE DON'T USUALLY DO THIS AT CHRISTMAS, BUT HE'S GONE TOO FAR THIS YEAR!
MOUTH CONTROLS

AAGH! IT'S COMING IN THE WINDOW! WE'RE TOO LATE – ONE BLOOMING GREAT MOUTHFUL TOO LATE!
SLOOP!
SLOBBER!
ABANDON BRAIN – SOUND THE RETREAT!
THERE MUST BE SOMEWHERE SAFE! HELP! HELP!
CALLING ALL NERVE! HEAD FOR FATTY'S HAND – THE DIABOLICAL PUD HASN'T REACHED THERE YET! IT'S YOUR ONLY CHANCE!
WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? LET'S GO!
GOSH! EVERY NERV IN FATTY'S BODY IS RUNNING FOR IT! – THE PUD'S BEEN EVERYWHERE! THE BEST OF LUCK, LADS!
HELP! HELP! BACK, YOU BRUTE!
FASTER, LEGGIES! FASTER!
WAA-AAH! IF I EVER GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE, I'LL TIE HIS TONSILS IN KNOTS!
LAST MAN IN, SHUT THE DOOR – AT THE DOUBLE!
LITTLE FINGER
YAHOO! AT LEAST WE MADE IT HERE!
ZOOM!
HURRY, LADS – THE DOOR WILL HAVE TO BE REINFORCED!
WHAT A WAY TO SPEND CHRISTMAS!
BASH!
THUMP!
G-GULP! I THINK IT'S GOING TO HOLD, LADS!
MOAN!
GROAN!
I H-HOPE SO – I'M TOO YOUNG AND DASHY TO DIE!
AAGH! MUM! I'M PARALYSED! I CAN'T MOVE A MUSCLE!
I'M NOT SURPRISED YOU CAN'T MOVE – NOT AFTER WHAT YOU'VE EATEN, LAD!
THIS IS ALL I CAN DO – WIGGLE ME FLIPPIN' FINGER!
AND THAT'S BECAUSE THIS IS THE ONLY PLACE WITH ANY OF US IN IT – HE'S LUCKY HE CAN EVEN DO THAT!
ANYONE FOR CHRISTMAS PUD?
IT'S MY OWN FAULT I SUPPOSE – I SHOULD'VE KNOWN BETTER! ROLL ON THE NEW YEAR!

GRIMLY FEENDISH
THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD
HELLO FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!
AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!
FREE GIFTS, EH?
FATHER CHRISTMAS IS HERE!
"THOUSANDS OF FREE GIFTS"
THERE'S SANTA HIMSELF! SINCE HE'S GIVING AWAY SO MANY PRESENTS, IT'S ONLY FAIR THAT HE SHOULD GET ONE, TOO!
HERE'S A PRESENT FROM MY CHRISTMAS CLUB! HEH! HEH!
AAGH! A NUT-CRACKER!
COO! GRIMLY'S DRESSING UP AS SANTA!
NOW FOR THOSE PRESENTS!
LATE AGAIN! NOW TAKE THESE PRESENTS AND GIVE THEM AWAY—THE KIDS ARE GOING CRAZY WAITING FOR YOU!
HEH! HEH! THIS IS LIKE ROBBING A BABY!
SNIGGER! ALL I'VE GOT TO DO NOW IS WALK OUT OF THE SHOP AND THEN I CAN FLOG THE TOYS!
LOOK OUT, GRIMLY!
GIVE ME A PRESENT, SANTA!
GULP!
WHERE'S MINE?
EEK! IT'S GRIMLY FEENDISH!
HELP! POLICE!
COR! A WHISTLING COPPER! I'LL SOON FIX HIM!
STOP!
PEEP!
SKEDDAAAT!
HEH! HEH! GRIMLY'S GIVEN HIM THE SLIP!
FIRE!
MUSH! MUSH!
SORRY, GRIMLY! DID YOU WANT TO GO THAT WAY?
WHOOSH!
SKID!
YAAGH!
THE BIRD HAS FLOWN!
GOSH! MUST BE ONE OF THE ROLLING STONES!
COO! TOYS!
HELP! LET ME OUT! IT'S FROZEN SOLID!
LET YOU OUT—NOT LIKELY! YOU'RE SAFELY IN THE 'COOLER' FOR ANOTHER SEVEN DAYS! HAPPY CHRISTMAS!